grave depuis plusieurs jours, recommen9ait a rire. Les vahines (the women) reprenaient le bras de leurs tanes (men), parlaient haut, dodelinaient des fesses, tandis que leurs larges pieds mis foulaient lour dement la poussifere du chemin." And he concludes rightly: " Avec lui disparaissaient les dernier vestiges des traditions anciennes. Avec lui se fermait Thistoire maorie. Cetait bien fini. La civilisation, helas!—soldatesque, negoce et fonctionnariste—triomphait." As a signal of their triumph, the very palace became Govern-ment offices as it is to this day, and in a villa oppo-site, almost invisible behind thick trees, his Queen awaits the end. The possible heir, Prince Hinoi, died in the influenza epidemic.

We are then upon that very road of which Paul Gauguin writes. A couple of miles or so further on we turn off to the sea by a side track which comes out upon an open grassy space where-on stands a Protestant church with the tomb of

Pomare beyond. Every step of the way is luxuriant with flowering shrubs and overhung with trees, on the left the sweep of the skirts of the mountains gentle here, on the right the softly